

P I Z A R R O ;

T R A G E D Y,

IN FIVE ACTS:

DIFFERING WIDELY FROM ALL OTHER

P I Z A R R O ' s

RESPECT OF CHARACTERS, SENTIMENTS, LANGUAGE,
INCIDENTS, AND CATASTROPHE,

BY A NORTH-BRITON. *K*

Wait for the proofs before you give judgment, and take advice
of your reason before you decide OLD ENGLISH BARON.

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DEDICATION.

TO those whose criticisms are not the jargon of party, but the rich effusions of a mind strengthened by experience, and to those, who are so upright as to praise, or censure a work for itself only, and not on its author's account---I dedicate this tragedy.



ERRATA.

- Page 3, line 23 before "thou choolest to dissent," omit "that."
Page 16, line, read "through the enemy's ranks."
Page 23, line, 22. read "my" for "the camp."
Page 28, line 8, read, "Cora you must among."
Page 30, line, 27, read "thy" for "my forgiveness."
Page 47, line, 37, read "are my victims."

P R E F A C E.

WHEN I sat down to dramatize the Invading of Peru, my mind was neither harassed by doubts, fears, nor tremblings, but tranquil, collective, and firmly determined on writing a play, such as might be exhibited without corrupting the taste, or insulting the understanding; or read, and reflected on, without subjecting its author to contempt or ridicule. I had previously endeavoured to prepare myself for so arduous a task, by an attentive perusal of the numerous publications on that subject: I had also read the various translations of Kotzebue's infamous *Melange*, reflected on the criticisms *pro* and *con*; and I had had the superlative advantage of seeing the splendid pantomime at Drury-Lane Theatre, whose mystic imagery is most incomparably adapted to mislead the judgment and vitiate the heart; and, if all that glitters were gold, if sound were sense, or noise energy, then what panygeric could equal Sheridan's Pizarro? None. It would then be as much above all praise, as it now is beneath criticism. Yet notwithstanding its conspicuous immorality, its ill placed loyalty, which serpents around the feelings under the irresistible form of patriotism, its improbable incidents, and its vile conclusion, it may continue to be acted before crowded audiences, and received by acclamations of transport, while my play lays mouldering on the shelf; but I trust the latter will be read, when the former, its author, and his dazzling rhetoric is entirely forgotten, or if at all remembered—remembered only as things much better calculated to please than edify.

The ideas, scenes, and sentiments I have retained from the original, are such as I would have been proud of, had I been the first who dramatized the same subject; therefore, where the piece is defective, the fault is entirely my own.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SPANIARDS.

PIZARRO.
ALONZO.
DAVILA.
GONZALVO.
VALVERDE.
JUAN.
GOMEZ.
LOPEZ.
ALMAGRO.
ELVIRA.

PERUVIANS.

ATALIBA.
ROLLA.
OROZEMBO.
ZADASKI.
ZUMA.
ZARANO.
ZAMORA.
IMRA.
CORA.

Warriors, Women, Children, &c.

PIZARRO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

PIZARRO'S Tent.—*A Council of War.*—PIZARRO,
DAVILA, GONZALVO, ALMAGRO, VALVERDE.
VALVERDE *having copied the Plan of Assault,*
presents it.

Alm. MOST excellently planned !
Gon. Pizarro shines equally as the hero
and the statesman.

Dav. (Aside.) How they fool this self-elected god !

Piz. Do you, Almagro, wheel round by the left
through the forest. You, Gonzalvo, occupy the hills
on our right. Davila advances by the West Mountain,
and I charge the enemy in front. Thus we shall assail
them in all quarters. *(Rising.)*

Dav. Goes not that tower of strength, the invin-
cible Elvira with us ?

Piz. (Aside.) Ah ! that sarcastic sneer !

Val. Elvira is now indisposed, or —

Piz. Peace ! 'tis not my wish, Sir, or —

Dav. You mean 'tis not the heroine's pleasure ?

Piz. 'Sdeath, Sir !

B

Dav.

PIZARRO:

Dav. To be sure, if the syren is ill, she'd better leave us. We want no women, and least of any, sick ones. For my part, I think it would have been as well for our cause, and equally honourable for our general, if she had never join'd us.

Piz. That to me!

Dav. Shall I repeat it?

Piz. Thou only enviest her great soul, and unparalleled achievements.

Dav. I do: she takes the lead in council, is ever foremost in the fight, and often gains laurels, which but for her might deck my brow. (*Aside.*) But 'tis not merely on that account that I hate Elvira; I once proffer'd her my love, and she rebuk'd me with a dignity that made me tremble, for which I bear her a deathless animosity.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Our troops are muster'd, and eager for the fight.

Piz. To battle then! To battle! That over, you and I, Davila, must——

Dav. I understand you—I shall not shrink.

Piz. I attend you on the beach.

[*Exeunt all but Pizarro and Valverde.*
Valverde, I once more charge you, and as you regard my favour, remember it, be attentive to Elvira.

Val. I shall, Pizarro.

[*Exit.*

Piz. Her sudden indisposition, and her late deportment to me in particular, are mysterious and alarming. This stripling, Davila, too, I must rein-in—I must break his gigantic spirit—I must smother the fire of ambition that is enkindled within him; lest, fann'd by my pusillanimity, it should spread like a pestilential vapour, and bury me in the flames.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

A TRAGEDY.

SCENE II.

The Beach—PIZARRO's Army—he approaches them.

Piz. Now, my friends, at length is the hour arrived, in which we shall reap the fruits of our perilous enterprize:—this day the enemy offer a solemn sacrifice to their idols.

Dav. Be it our delight to sprinkle their offerings with human blood.

Piz. We shall fall on them by surprize; then death to the armed, and chains to the defenceless.

Dav. Better were it to exterminate the whole detested race.

Gon. Methinks the women and children might be spared.

Dav. As long as a single Peruvian is left alive, I shall not think myself revenged. They should have yielded us an immediate and cheerful submission—surrender'd their gold and treasure without a murmur—and—To death! To death!

Piz. Gonzalvo is right—remember 'tis my strict command, that you shed no unnecessary blood.

Dav. Well!—'tis not that thou wishest to favour the infidels, Pizarro; but 'twas my proposal therefore that thou choosest to dissent,

Piz. And at my decree who dares to murmur?

Dav. The time may come—but I submit; so close this idle war of words, and let's to action—I pant for battle, that I may do that which will change the great Pizarro's frown into a smile. *(With a sneer.)*

Piz. Now my valiant comrades, each to his appointed post; ere the Peruvian god has sunk into the main, the Spanish banner shall wave triumphant on the walls of Quito.

[A grand march of Pizarro's army—The officers salute Pizarro as they pass—The whole separate into four divisions, and take different directions.]

PIZARRO :

SCENE III.

A Magnificent Pavillion—ELVIRA in Male Attire, sleeping on a Couch—VALVERDE gazing on her. —She wakes—He kneels.

Elv. Valverde!—and in that posture!

Val. To whom should we kneel, if not to those we adore?

Elv. How long have you been here?

Val. Ever since the dawn of morning.

Elv. And where's Pizarro?

Val. Gone to battle.—

Elv. (*Starts up.*) Gone to battle! and I not there to shield him!—My sword. Quick! (*Enter an attendant, with her sword, helmet, and shield—she places them.*) I will fly to him on the wings of love and duty.

Val. The day is far advanced; he will be returning ere you could reach him.

Elv. Woundless, and crowned with victory?—Oh, yes! the immortal gods will guard the hero.

Val. Excellent creature! how greatly, how sincerely interested thou art in every thing that concerns Pizarro!

Elv. Is a king interested for his subjects?—A brother for a brother?—A mother for its infant? All these mighty stimulas combined are trivial—nothing compared to that I feel for Pizarro; self-raised and self-supported, he is the admiration of the world—the sovereign of my heart—my unalterable affections. Oh! why—why did he leave me?

Val. You complain'd last night of a head-ache, and he was unwilling to disturb you.

Elv. Generous Pizarro!—Was his voice tremulous?—Did he go and suddenly return?—Gaze on my fevered countenance—give numberless directions for my safety—and heave a sigh, and then tear himself from me, as if his very soul was parting from its body?

Val.

Val. Such sensations might agitate him, but I saw them not.

Elv. No!—Thou art wont to contemplate Pizarro with a jealous eye, and all his actions appear to thee palsied and mishapen, I am sure.—No! he is a hero, ever mindful of his duty, panting for renown; and to melt into the whining friend, or weeping lover, when duty calls him to the field of action, were most indignant, and every way unlike Pizarro.

Val. You have been very ill, Elvira, for in your slumbers you were most restless.—Oh! I have watch'd you, not with the assiduity of a lover, but a parent.

Elv. Yes, (*Sighs.*) I have suffer'd a martyrdom—but nothing to what I must endure if I listen to you. The balsam you administered, I mean your advice, has turn'd to poison—I complain'd of the head-ache; but it was my heart, my heart.—Oh! why did you strive so ardently?

Val. Because I wish'd to draw you from the sink of infamy, and place you on the pinnacle of honour.

Elv. Oh, fatal friendship!—Situating as I am, ignorance is bliss—information certain ruin.

Val. I have long seen, and repeatedly warn'd you of your danger. Even when I had seen you but once at the convent; when the monster's arts were first spread to entangle you, then did I at the hazard of my life proffer my friendship.—But no! Pizarro could flatter, and Elvira was a woman—Pizarro persevered, and Elvira was undone.

Elv. Oh! no more! no more!

Val. Still I was your friend—wept tears of blood at your misfortune, and at every convenient time apprized you of your error, and counselled you how to extricate yourself from that iniquitous life, which, if continued, must lead to ruin, infamy, and endless remorse; but my counsel fell on marble—splendid misery is preferr'd to happiness and calm repose.

Elv. Not so! not so!—My very soul sickens at the scenes of plunder and massacre I daily witness. I abhor the life I lead; but, like a prescrib'd victim, I am tied to the stake, and I must submit.

Val.

Val. No, no—one strenuous effort, and you escape; fly from this murderer of nations—another country, and Valverde's assiduities shall yield you——

Elv. Away! Away!—I'll hear no more—Pizarro loves me; he has sworn to love me, and if he had not, he is too brave to——

Val. Desperate were a more applicable epithet.

Elv. Infamous slanderer!—By Heav'n's he shall know what a viper he cherishes,

Val. That will be a fatal step, Elvira. Reflect—

Elv. Ah! it shakes you! thou traitor.

Val. It will ingulph you—I have saved many, and I wou'd rescue you.

Elv. Indeed!—and how was thy bravery recompensed? Did you make conditions with all the frail fugitives? Did you inveigle them by thy florid professions of Platonic love, and heroic affection, as you have endeavoured to inebriate me?—or what mighty sacrifice did they make, to reward such brilliant achievements?

Val. I was richly rewarded in the approbation of my own heart, and the invaluable reflection—that I had done my duty.

Elv. Ah! Valverde, you are wrong—miserably wrong. Thus we ever deceive ourselves, and mislead others.—The heart and the mind are prejudiced judges, ever at war with consistency and truth; they recoil with indignation from the smallest speck on another's conduct, yet pass with exultation over the mountain that darkens their own. Thou enviest the sovereignty Pizarro holds over my heart; but be assured, you never shall reign there.—Hark! my heart's idol comes—the shouts of rejoicing rend the air—my hero is victorious, and ere long I shall be Queen of Quito.

Val. No, no, don't flatter yourself, Elvira; I know Pizarro, and depend on it, the moment he acquires such an eminence—that moment he abandons you.

Elv. Abandon me!—Insolent—Guards. (*Calls.*)

Val. Elvira! hear me: I am your friend.

Elv. Pizarro abandon Elvira? I who have sacrificed

ficed friends, country, relations, peace, and virtue for him!—Pizarro shall govern these savage Peruvians—I will civilize them, and when my loved lord sees the blessed effects of instruction; when he finds unanimity, love and purity, characterize his people, he will embrace, cherish, and reverence Elvira, as the founder of his deathless glory.

Val. I offer you a happy asylum, a safe shelter from the storm that's gathering to overwhelm you.

Elv. Thou? Say, thou common-place preacher—thou line and rule philosopher, which wou'd be most guilty in the eye of the Omnipotent—the wretch who commits a second offence, by launching into a course of deliberate criminality with one who has rescued her from imminent danger; or she who patiently endures a series of sufferings with the man by whom she was first seduced?

Val. The laws of honour, lovely Elvira, shall sanction our intimacy—You shall be my wife.

Elv. The laws of honour!—Pish!—Priestcraft! The chicane of mercenaries!—The *honourable* edicts of usurpers, who, dead to every sense of equity, or blush of shame, assume superiority, and pass and annul *laws* just as suits the interest of the moment. Will the benign laws of Heaven sanction, or even pardon an act in which the heart has no share, and at which the mind recoils?

Val. That, lovely enthusiast, were to reason too nicely.

Elv. True! there you are right----there the spider is entangled in its own snare----there the hypocrite is unmask'd, and the anti-illuminator for once speaks truth----that were to see things as they are, not as we wish them to be; such best suits you modern moralists----You have tutor'd me to some purpose, Valverde; the excellent books you furnish'd me with, have taught me truth as well as argument, and I am now become too great a proficient to be ensnared by your sophistry.

Val. You wrong me----by Heavens you do. See he approaches---

approaches----keep my counsel; and note his proceedings, not as one determin'd to see nothing but flowers; but as one who can feel when the thorn stings----as one who can, and will abandon a paradise where she has revell'd in all the elegancies of life----all the refinements and luxuries of passion, and affectionate endearment, when she finds that paradise is become a loathsome sty----a receptacle for every vice that can blacken the human character.

Elv. If he is so very demon-like, why so subservient?----Why tremble at his approach?----Fly at his command, and watch each turn of his countenance as if you stood before a supernatural being, whose look could give you death or immortality?

Val. Because I know him unpolished in either school or court----a man, the slave of his own passions, and those the cravings of a savage.

Elv. When the diamond was first discovered, it was a mere mass of valueless glitter; but when cleared of the excrescences that obscured its beauty----when the animating touch of the lapidary gave to every particle of that gem its full brilliancy, it became the wonder and admiration of all----Was it less a diamond in the mine, than when in the sovereign's crown? Is Pizarro less a man of nature, for not having the polish of art?

Val. Certainly not; but-----

Elv. Take him under your *direction*----you are an able artist; at least, you would be thought to know what constitutes perfection----fashion him after your own fancy, then he will be what nature intended him, the pride and ornament of ages----'twill be a conquest worthy your powers----thousands follow Pizarro's track, and by making that the path of honour, thousands will be saved.

Val. 'Twere a vain attempt----Ignorance has set her stamp upon him----his mind seared to every virtuous impression----his heart flint, and his temper moved by the slightest breath; and when irritated, 'tis like the conflagration of a world.

Elv.

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Elv. Oh! thou greatly undervaluest thy powers; honest Valverde.—Thy eloquence has moved me, and the time has been when I have subdued Pizarro; but I well know why thou wilt not try—he is not a woman, and consequently wants the charm to interest thy philanthropy—I can discover the wolf, though he mimics the lamb's bleating:—Lust, and not love, is thy stimulus—and beauty, not virtue, is thy mistress.

Val. Elvira, you shall be undeceived—you shall esteem me.

Elv. I wish it, I most sincerely wish it, Valverde; I wish to live in amity with every one—nay, more; I wish to esteem thee; but where infamy, vice, or even error rears their poisonous heads—there Elvira will be distant as pole from pole.

Val. Amiable, ingenuous Elvira! confide in me, and rest assured; if a love of truth, and a perseverance in virtue can endear us to each other, our union will be pure and permanent as the symphony that unites saints to Heaven. Let the consequence be what it may; Pizarro, the mighty Pizarro shall know what I think of him.

Elv. I applaud the resolution; and for the first time in my life believe you sincere; but remember, Valverde, whatever your success may be, I give you no room to hope for my favour; for so long as Pizarro by action proves the sincerity of his love for me—

Val. Sincerity!——

Elv. I believe it so—had I proof, or were I even to imagine the reverse; I would sooner tear this doating heart piece-meal; than ever again embrace or smile on the monster—No, with the enthusiasm I lov'd, so I cou'd hate; but until he deserves such, no artifice shall have power to separate us.

A Triumphant March. — PIZARRO; ALMAGRO; GONZALVO; and their troops enter. — ELVIRA desirous to attract the notice of PIZARRO.

Piz. Valverde, congratulate me:—We have routed the enemy, and captured their third in command.

©

(*Aside.*)

(*Aside.*) Would that victory had fallen to any but Davila. In the conflict I have lost some of our bravest men.

Val. The fate of war, triumphant Pizarro—

Piz. No solemnity, no preaching, honest Valverde; the spirit of my gallant companions must not be broken by thy sacerdotal.

Val. Saw you aught of Alonzo de Molina?

Piz. Ay—curse on the fate of the day—Twice did I encounter that renegade—twice had I the traitor in my power, and I would have laid him with the dust—but for a wound—

Elv. A wound! where?—Oh! let me bind it.

Piz. Pshaw! Off!—Away with your fondling.

Elv. Ah!—thou bleedest, my hero.

Piz. A mere scratch—life is left, and nothing else can daunt Pizarro. He escaped; but we shall meet again: by to-morrow's noon we shall pass the walls of Quito, and fix its crown on my head.

Elv. Dost hear, Valverde? Elvira shall be queen.

Piz. Retire, my friends, each to regale and revel on the spoils this auspicious day hath shower'd on us. I will join you in the banquet, and drink destruction to the whole Peruvian race. Gonzalvo.

Gon. My commander.

Piz. Join Davila;—though he is brave, I have my suspicions of his fidelity—watch him narrowly— from this hour, you take his place in my estimation. When the prisoners arrive, see they are arranged before me; in the mean time, do you and he employ your eloquence to gain them over.

Gon. Your request—

Piz. Not so, 'tis my order—my command.

Gon. You shall be obey'd; but I have little hopes of success; for their leader is a true patriot, and his followers most firmly attach'd to him.

Piz. Oh! fear not, I have an excellent cure for such lunatics; such sunshine royalists, and drawing room heroes;—they shall have their choice to live under my banner, or die—that's an infallible, an awful alternative:—It strikes home—dresses existence

in

in all its allurements---makes a pander of the patriot,
and gives to cowardice the semblance of true heroism.
All retire but Valverde, I have special confidence for
his ear. [*The troops march off.*]

Elv. (Aside.) All but Valverde!—And must not
Elvira share that confidence?

Piz. Certainly not.

Elv. And wherefore, Pizarro?

Piz. Wherefore! [*Scowling.*]

Elv. Do you fear to trust me? I who have confi-
ded to you my life, nay more, my honour.

Piz. These you did involuntarily—this would be
an act of deliberation, half extorted; and no power
has ever yet forced Pizarro.—Go!

Elv. (Aside.) Oh! that I had been struck blind,
rather than have seen this. This is the first time you
ever look'd so on me.

Piz. Would you have me dissemble—and to a
woman?

Elv. 'Tis the first time you ever wish'd my ab-
sence.

Piz. See you obey me, lest I command it.

Elv. Ah!—Command!

Piz. And Pizarro's commands must not be reluc-
tantly obeyed.

Elv. (Apart.) Oh, Valverde! the dreadful truth
flashes on my mind.

Val. (Apart.) Dissemble, or *we* are undone.

Elv. (Apart.) Oh! had I but sooner listen'd to
thy friendly counsel.

Val. (Apart.) 'Tis not yet too late—retire.—The
lady is unwell, Sir.

Piz. Am I a physician? Since the fair has become
a woman again, she had better withdraw; for a camp
is not favourable to disease, or affectation.

Elv. (Apart.) Oh, Valverde!

Val. (Apart.) Confide in me.

Elv. Will you not condemn me for my insolence in
prosperity, and trample on me now I am fallen?

Val. Not while I have the hope of a peaceful
eternity in mind.

PIZARRO:

[*Here Elvira is led off....a pause Pizarro thoughtful....Valverde joins him. Elvira hastily re-enters, draws her sword, and makes up to Pizarro with a determination to slay him.... here a feeling of tenderness arrests the blow; she overcome, rests on her sword, and is tempted by the turn of the conversation to continue and listen, during which she must express her feelings by action.*

This Elvira, general, has a susceptible heart, and is most enthusiastically attached to you.

Piz. Name her not—that flower has lost its charm; its bloom is blighted, and its stem stands like a wither'd tree, an awful memento of what has been—another rose in full luxuriance and sweeter fragrance, courts my plucking;—I will pluck and wear it in my bosom—the lovely Cora, of matchless beauty, and noble birth.

Val. Who is Cora?

Piz. A lady, whom I this day encountered—I had her in my arms; but she struggled to get free with such angelic modesty, that for the first time in my life, I felt myself overcome—Cora was the victor, Pizarro the slave. Quick as the mountain fawn she fled, while I, spell bound; gaz'd and felt.—'Tis said she is Ataliba's daughter; if so, she shall be my queen—she shall new model my life, and I will live for virtue and Cora!

Val. And Elvira?

Piz. Oh, fond credulous wench!—she may seek for happiness in another's arms, thine if thou wilt; or dream of it in the confines of a monastery; there are monks there—monks are men; and where there are such associates, Elvira will soon forget Pizarro.

Val. Trust me, I do not think so.

Piz. Then marry her, and thou wilt be convinc'd.

Val. Gladly would I, and bless the power that gave me such a treasure.

Piz. I will give her to you—she is mine, as much at my disposal as the humblest soldier in my train.

Val.

Val. With thee, Elvira would do any thing; but fever'd, air is not more invulnerable—mortal not more strenuous in virtue's cause. Does such a creature merit desertion, or even neglect? Oh, no!—she is fitted for the most exalted sphere.

Piz. Valverde!

Val. And if thou art to be a king, oh Pizarro! be just to thyself and her; make her thy queen; she already reigns in the hearts of thy people....she has shar'd with unprecedented fortitude, the storms and tempests of thy winter—stood between you and the most perilous danger; reward those toils, and let her revel in the sunshine of thy summer,

Piz. No more!—on your life mention her no more, my resolution is taken, and unalterable as a decree of fate.

Val. To espouse the daughter of Ataliba, and abandon Elvira?

Piz. Even so.

Val. Then, for thy own sake, if not in pity to her, I wou'd advise thee to proceed cautiously—by stratagem; for to publish such a determination, were to place a mountain between thee and success—give battle to a demon, whose wily manœuvring would thin thy forces, and level with the dust thy throne, though 'twere built on adamant.

Piz. And where lurks this formidable foe?

Val. In thy own injustice—in cruelly abandoning the woman thou hast seduced—in the irritated mind of the injur'd Elvira.

Piz. Indeed!—Ha! ha! ha!

Val. For thee, she deserted parents, home, innocence, and Heaven! What may she not brave when by thee deserted?

Piz. Nothing—the sinews of exertion will be broken—the sap that nurtur'd her, dried up, and the once beautiful Elvira will wither like an autumn leaf, and so become the sport of storms.

Val. This cannot happen all at once.

Piz. When I will it, quick as the thunderbolt follows

lows the lightning's flash. When I frown, who shall dare to smile on, or even pity her?

Val. Every individual in your camp; for there is not one of *us*, but have profited by her favour—not one, I am well assur'd, that wou'd not die to see her righted.

Piz. Would you?

Val. I am out of the question—I am thy friend; one, who will speak truth, when that may, by warning, save thee, at the hazard of my life.

Piz. Thy boldness, and thy fidelity charm me, Valverde; but thy information is a poison to my joy. How knowest thou this?

Val. By observation. I have seen, when thy unkindness has driven her to think on times long passed, never to be recalled—I have seen the dye of virtuous indignation mantle in her cheek, and give to her eye the malignancy of a fiend; at such a sight my blood curdled—I stood appalled, and thought it were much safer to incur even Pizarro's anger, than such a woman's scorn.

Piz. I shall consider on what thou hast said; then we will consult on the means to rid myself of such a virago. Thou shalt be my secret emissary.

Val. By what means do you hope to—

Piz. Those that best suit the moment :....what matters it?

Val. Very much, where I am to be concerned.

Piz. What think'st thou of threats, confinement, prison, or a dagger?

Val. Who will administer either?

Piz. Thou shalt.

Val. Not to be Pizarro's friend.

Piz. (*Afide.*) Insolent! Not if I desire it?

Val. Not if you command it.—Not if you were even to hold a poniard to my heart with one hand, and offer me the throne of Quito by the other.

Piz. Come, come, Valverde, I see your fear—you were a divine, art still a book-worm, and would have thy public conduct smooth as thy countenance, when varnish'd o'er by the bird-lime of philosophical pro-

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fundity. It shall be so, man----the peach shall retain its bloom, though the core be canker'd :----I will conduct you to a dungeon, safe from all inspection, where neither groans nor shrieks can reach the human ear; where the sun never yet shone----where-----

Val. There is no dudgeon where the eye of heaven cannot penetrate, and see most clearly; unless it be the one you would have me merit. [Exit.]

Piz. Valverde! Ah! not answer me? This is the second indignity I have this day receiv'd---first from that upstart Davila, next from this hypocrite; but I will take an early opportunity of retaliating with treble interest. As for Elvira, I will go warily to work with her; not that I fear her utmost vengeance, but 'twere madness to brave the fury of a lion, when by a show of silence I may remain unmolested. Yes, I will greet her with smiles of amity and love, and crush her when she least expects it. [Exit.]

Elv. Will you so?---Good Heavens! what strange sensations this dialogue has given birth to! How is my mind distracted by conflicting passions! Never more does these conceal my sex. (*Madly tearing off her male attire.*) I'll be in every sense a woman. Yes, Pizarro, ere thou puttest thy fiend-like threats into practice, I will make thee tremble, thou man of fearless soul! Thou, whom neither the strife of contending elements, nor the fury of the enemy could appal, now meet the last and fellest peril of thy life---meet and survive an injur'd woman's fury, if thou canst! [Exit.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Scene before PIZARRO'S Tent—PIZARRO, VALVERDE, ELVIRA.

Piz. SEE the prisoners are brought before me:
(*Exit Valverde.*) *Elvira*, so equipt!—How's this?

Elv. Because, I am henceforward determined to appear only as I really am?

Piz. Thou wilt find the bustle of a camp but ill calculated for the accommodation of a fine lady. Thy attendants——

Elv. I want none.—The woman who has braved every danger to accompany the idol of her affections; she, who, when toil and hunger had thinn'd thy ranks, has stood undaunted amid the horrors of war, been foremost in battle, and wiped, with steady hand, the dust and clotted blood from her hero's forehead—she who has borne that hero panting in her arms through the enemy ranks, can wait upon herself; such a one am I—and till Pizarro makes retribution for the injuries done unto me, I will depend on myself alone.

Piz. 'Tis the resolution of a woman.

Elv. Was she that bore thee one? I should think not from thy formation;—and if I did, I am very sure you forget that grand essential to your dignity in your treatment of me.

Piz. 'Tis well for thee we are alone.

Elv. I wou'd speak thus, though surrounded by all thy minions;—nay, though thou wert seated on the pinnacle of thy ambition, the throne of Quito, with Cora for thy queen.

Piz. Ah! who told you? Has Valverde dared?—

Elv. No—he is too noble. Shame, and not fear, prevented

prevented him from discovering that, which wou'd shew thee in thy true colours.

Piz. By what mystery then?

Elv. I suspected thee of treachery, and meanly listen'd; whilst thou, in fancied security, rehearsed thy golden dreams of after happiness, even from thy ecstasy of meeting with Cora, to thy more ferocious exultation at the manly idea of murdering Elvira.

Piz. Ah! dar'st thou mock me?

Elv. I do:—thee and all that unto thee pertains.

Piz. Elvira!

Elv. Pizarro!

Piz. Were I inclin'd to pardon such audacity—

Elv. Prodigal chief! I want no pardon—what I do I can justify; so acting, I command the approbation of all enlightened beings, and I despise and brave thy opposition. Oh! many tears and heart-rending agonies, has this contest with affection and duty cost me—I lov'd thee much—oh! very much, Pizarro; but I love honour still more: make that thy guide; and all past insults are buried in oblivion—then shalt thou see how Elvira can love—proceed as thou dost; then shalt thou feel how Elvira can hate; she is no common friend—when such a one sees the object on whom she doats, for whom she has sacrificed all; prostitute the bright qualities with which nature hath ennobled him, and become the slave of brutal lust, avarice, and rapacity, her indignation will know no bounds: neither the love of life, nor hope of heaven, will bind her to consistency; she will exert all—brave all, and either snatch him from the den of vice, or perish.

Piz. Generous woman! thy independant spirit has not daunted me. No, Elvira, it has charm'd back that affection I once felt, which is now my greatest treasure—It has fixt it, warm'd the lambient spark to a bright flame of ethereal fire, never more to be extinguish'd.

B

Enter

Enter VALVERDE.

Val. Thy orders are obey'd:—The prisoners advance. [*Retires to a respectful distance.*]

Piz. Does not thy heart's joy expand to ecstasy, when you behold these miscreants vanquish'd by Pizarro's powers? What music so melodious as the clanking of those chains?

Elv. Oh, fie! such is the exultation of a boy, not a hero. You have conquer'd, why tyrannize. They are disarm'd—well guarded—why disgraced by chains?

Piz. Because they are mine enemies.

Elv. No, they are in your power—Men, foldiers, who nobly yielded, when they found further resistance would be to countenance massacre; and not to treat them with every possible attention, were to insult thy country, and degrade thyself.

Piz. Thou shalt see how I will treat them. Step aside, and if thou canst be silent.

Elv. I shall think, and from what I see, form my determination—Am I not right, Valverde?

Val. In what, Elvira?

Elv. In strenuously endeavouring to replace the lord of my affections on that bright eminence from whence he has fallen—on which he stood when he vanquish'd me.

Val. Perfectly, and all in my power shall be devoted to strengthen that exertion.

A Grand March. DAVILA, GONZALVO, enter with the Peruvian Prisoners, in chains, and guarded — The Peruvian Banner delivered to Pizarro by Almagro.

Piz. Now, slaves! (*Orozembo their chief advances.*) Who art thou?

Oro. First, tell me who among you is the leader of this band of robbers?

Piz. Ha! presumptuous!

Alm. Shall I tear out his slanderous tongue?

Dav.

Dav. Shall I plunge this into his heart?

Oro. Does your gang boast many such bravos?

Piz. Less audacity might have preserv'd thy life.

Oro. My life is as a wither'd tree, not worth preserving.

Piz. Liberty and promotion shall be thine, if thou and thy followers will join us.

Oro. Liberty to plunder and murder without the fear of law—and promotion, from the erring to the daring—Deliberate culprit! who respects neither man nor God—ask my followers?

Piz. You are their officer, and may command them.

Oro. They are my brethren, not my slaves—My sovereign is their guardian, and not their tyrant; and as they act, so they must prosper.

Dav. Ha! ha! I understand you—self-will'd free-born men.

Oro. We have our precedent from Heaven.

Piz. Unfetter those who chuse to profit by our clemency. *[The Prisoners set at liberty.]*

Oro. Not me! Thou would'st relieve the body, to fix an indelible stain on the mind—I prefer the lesser evil, and will suffer nobly.

Piz. What can be done with such a zealot?

Dav. That be my—*(Going to stab him.)*

Piz. Davila, hold!

Dav. By Heaven! he shall—

Piz. On peril of your life!

Oro. Mistaken men! no longer my countrymen—you are advancing to a precipice from whence there is but one step—that's to perdition: a few minutes and there was not a hero among you but I would have died to serve—Now you are degraded—a set of miscreants whom I despise—false to yourselves, your Country, and your God. Oh! it is to me in this bitter moment, a sweet reflection to know there are no fathers, or husbands, among such a crew.

1st Sol. General!

2d Sol. Father!

3d Sol. Preserver!

All. Oh, pardon us.

1st Sol. The love of life for a moment deluded us from our duty.—Oh! pardon us, and let us die, that we may sleep with our fathers,

Oro. This is indeed a victory! (*Weeps, and embraces them.*)

Val. See! see! Elvira! how the bright gleam of reason, like the electric fire of Heaven, shoots to the heart, and makes mortal divine! (*Pizarro's people gaze on each other in consternation.*)

Elv. Valverde! thou either art a Peruvian, or wert reared among them.

Val. 'Tis not the country, but the principle, that stamps the Christian, Elvira; and the Christians of all nations, however widely they may differ in practice, have only one precept.

Piz. What does such a daring mutineer merit? I say a lingering death, protracted to the utmost stretch of possible suffering.

Oro. Usurpers, by sophistry—golden promises and threats may triumph for a while; but theirs is a reign of terror, founded on fallacy, and supported by butchery. Such are a burden to themselves, and the detestation of all; such can have but one change; that's from an ignoble death, to an eternity of suffering.

Piz. Prating fool!—If thou wouldst have thy moments lengthen'd, give us the information we ask.

Oro. If it will make thee better without injuring my country—Yes—if it will serve to extend thy power, or nerve thy murd'rous arm—No.

Piz. What is the number of your army?

Oro. Count the trees in yonder forest.

Piz. Which is the weakest side of your camp?

Oro. It has none: 'tis on every side fortified by justice.

Piz. Where are your wives, and your children?

Oro. With their sovereign, at all times, but more particularly in the tumult of war, *he* is their soother, their guardian, and their father.

Piz.

Piz. Where are thy treasures secreted ?

Oro. In a sanctuary safe from thy rapacious grasp. But my chief treasure, and what I prize beyond all the riches of the East, I carry about me.

Piz. What is that ?

Oro. A pure unsullied conscience : such never can be thine.

Piz. That to my face, and not tremble.

Oro. I never yet trembled before God—why then should I tremble before man—why before thee, thou less than man ?

Alm. Heathenish dog ! another such rebuke, and this seals thy lips for ever.

Oro. Strike, Christian ! strike, if thou darest ; but remember there is an eye that witnesses the blow : and there will come a day of dreadful retribution.

Piz. Your hand trembles—Give me the filetto. (*Going to strike.*) Know'st thou Alonzo ?

Oro. Do I know him ?—The benefactor of our race !—The guardian angel of Peru !

Piz. How has he merited that title ?

Oro. I will tell thee—So shalt thou know how even a Spaniard may rise to the highest pinnacle of earthly eminence.—'Tis now six years since that—

Piz. Traitor deserted his country, and, link'd with a band of heathens, turn'd his sword's point against my breast—I who had lov'd, cherish'd, and instructed him ! The contest was long and bloody ; at length your superior numbers reduc'd me to—Ha ! I burn with shame, and with the thirst of revenge—to the ignominious necessity of retreating—but now I am return'd with a mighty force, and the audacious boy shall dearly learn Pizarro has a lively recollection of all his kindness.

Oro. His noble prowess that memorable day turn'd the scale of victory—another hour, and Pizarro had been sovereign of Peru. Our people were fast retreating ; for our king had been wounded ; and Rolla, the brave, the universally belov'd Rolla, was left for dead

on the field, when Alonzo—eternal blessings on him !
—rallied our troops, and saved our country.

Piz. Damnation !

Oro. Since then it has been decreed that our king shall not again risk his life in battle—for if we lose him, the noble structure on which our tranquility is built would founder—a better king we cannot have—to have as good a one is but a chance—and until that chance is made certain, jealousy, intemperance, cabal, and faction, would disunite the whole, and make our people wretched. To preserve order, each family must have a ruler. A country is only a family on a larger scale; and transient, indeed, must that unanimity be, when inclination is law, and the various passions of the mind are suffer'd to run riot.

Piz. Who was Rolla ?

Oro. Our nation's pride—in war a tiger, in peace a lamb—the scourge of vice, and soul of virtue—the destin'd husband of Cora, the Inca's daughter.

Piz. Hear that—Cora shall be mine.

Oro. Now the wife of Alonzo.

Piz. Ha ! Hell, and fury ! that stripling vanquishes me every way,

Oro. Oh ! she was long inconsolable for the loss of her beloved Rolla ; but the assiduities of Alonzo, the wishes of our people, the entreaties of her father, and, more than all, a full persuasion of Rolla's death, prevail'd on her to become the wife of Alonzo—They had not been wedded many days when Rolla return'd.

Piz. Ha !—Return'd !

Oro. Miraculously preserved by a benevolent friar, one Las Casas, whose province it was to pray over the slain.

Val. My dearest friend, and the former tutor of Alonzo.

Elv. Las-Casas !—Was it not he, who some time since fell a victim to Pizarro's rage ?

Piz. Then the hot-headed visionary has done me a singular service, where he intended an injury, by restoring

restoring to life a man whose prior claims, and fateless fury, will blast the joys of my triumphant rival.

Oro. Miserably mistaken man! we are Peruvians: they never murmur at the dispensations of the gods. Rolla may mourn in solitude over the manes of his lost happiness, but he shews it not—He loves Alonzo as his brother.

Dav. So would not I.

Piz. You see, my fellow soldiers, what reptiles these are, to nourish such a rebel—were it not justice to extirpate the whole race of such recreants?

Dav. And that hoary-headed preacher first.

Elv. Mercy!

Piz. You see I do not tyrannize—I do not rule my people by an iron sceptre—No, 'tis their will that guides me. I am a passive mortal, who only toil to realize their united wishes. 'Tis not I, but they who justly condemn thee. But that I may not appear otherwise than as I really am, the echo of their decrees, if there is one here who wishes thy preservation, let him step forth, and though the meanest in the camp, he shall be heard, and if proper, his wishes granted. (*Pause—Valverde steps forward.*)

Piz. Ha! is perfidy so near me?

Elv. Noble Valverde!

Oro. Young man, I bow in pious reverence to the benignity of thy independant spirit—I shall to my latest moment bear in mind thy generous concern—But pray retract—I see the consequence of such magnanimity—Pray retract.

Val. I will not—I cannot desert the image of my Saviour in the hour of danger.

Piz. Is there no one to second this heroic Sir!—No! then I can have no influence—I must not rebel against my supporters. But since thou so gallantly interest for him, thou shalt lessen his misery by a speedy death. Chieftains, have I your leave?—There Sir, (*Giving him a pistol.*) in the presence of his heartless followers, and to reinstate yourself in the
favour

favour of me and my people, whom you have so grossly insulted——

Elv. Merciful God ! Oh, Pizarro !

Piz. Elvira ! 'tis my people's wish ; they are my idol, and must be obey'd—Come, Sir.

Oro. I am ready—I forgive you.

Val. Never, never shall it be said, that Valverde gain'd applause, liberty, or even life, for the murder of a fellow creature.

Piz. Obdurate enthusiast ! Die ! (*Snatches the offer'd pistol and shoots him.*) Thus wou'd I serve even the brother of my blood, who dar'd to mutiny or murmur at my commands.

Elv. Oh ! Valverde ! (*Supporting him.*)

Val. Pizarro ! I pity and forgive you.

Elv. Live ! live ! and here I call Heaven to witnesses, and as I keep my faith, so may I prosper—If thou survivest, I will be thine. If thou diest, every effort of my life shall be to revenge thy murder. (*Valverde borne off, supported by Elvira.*)

Oro. Such is your glorious liberty, such the fiend-like blessings you enjoy. Ruled by an usurper who on every occasion,—first, with an arch cunning insinuates his own will, then, to cloak his despotism by a flowery reverence of submission, appeals to you,—he offers you a right, and then assassinates you for embracing it.

Piz. Be this thy passport to Hell.

Oro. Strike ! barbarian ! Strike, you know your safety depends on the death of the virtuous.

Piz. Then live ! live !

Dav. Live !

Piz. Pizarro wills it. To his, what power is tantamount ? (*Orozembo's followers throw themselves on their knees at Pizarro's feet. Orozembo conceiving his motives, shews his contempt.*) Out, mongrels ! 'Tis not that I feel mercy for the wretch ; but I am not to be braved. Thou shalt sorely repent this—Thou shalt suffer till thou art humbled, and on thy knees ask my pardon.

Oro.

Oro. No! never. I'd perish piece-meal, sooner than my lips shall ask pardon of the wretch I execrate.

Piz. Oh! we shall see that. Thou shalt find with what inventive cruelty I can prolong life.

Oro. Thou hast seen how I could brave thee, and thou shalt see with what patient magnanimity I can endure thy vengeance.

Piz. Away with them—He to the torture, and his followers to instant death. (*Exeunt all but Davila; Pizarro scowls at him.*) I wish to be alone.

Dav. And I wish for company.

Piz. This day——

Dav. Has been a day of business: the toils of sovereignty seem to weigh heavy on you, and I wish to share the burthen; and if I may judge from your proceeding of this day——

Piz. What?

Dav. All is not right there. (*Pointing to his head.*)

Piz. Damnation! Sirrah! I——

Dav. 'Twas madness to save that proud Peruvian. 'Twas the act of a boy to shoot Valverde.

Piz. Am I to be——

Dav. A man of his usefulness should have been spared; and should he recover, he must be forgiven.

Piz. You are right—he shall.

Dav. And Elvira——

Piz. Leave her to me.

Dav. I will not—She merits——

Piz. Whatever I please to shew her; and whoever usurps the right to shew more or less, makes me his enemy.

Dav. And what enemy had ever the power to intimidate Davila?

Piz. Oh! none—thou art daring as the bravest—thy mighty prowess——

Dav. Is at least equal to Pizarro's.

Piz. Ah!—who says——

Dav. I, and I will maintain it—I will be thy creature no longer. Make me thy equal in command over
E your

your horde of simpletons, or from this moment our interests are divided.

Piz. (Aside.) Damn him! his triumph shall be but short. We are friends.

Dav. Fast. (Aside.) Until an opportunity offers of making you bite the dust, and placing myself on the throne of Quito.

Piz. I need not tell you how our troops are to be managed.

Dav. Oh, no! I have been too long, and too sorely galled by the trammels, not to know how to hold the reins,
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Peruvian Camp in the vicinity of a Village, the last Houses of which are seen. In the centre of the Stage stands the Temple of the Sun. On one side, seated on a bank of Turf, sits Cora and Fernando. Alonzo hanging over them with looks of ineffable delight.

Cora. He resembles thee much.

Alon. Not so much as he resembles thee.

Cora. His hair is jetty and curls like thine.

Alon. Ah! but he has thy blue brilliant eyes, and when he smiles—as now he does——

Cora. Oh! never, never was there a child so lovely, so like its father. (*Rapturously kissing the child.*)

Alon. The little urchin rivals me—robs me of those caresses which till his birth were only mine.

Cora. Oh no! I only lavish on him the delight he constitutes. In the child I caress the father—in the prodigality of my affection I offer gratitude to the gods.

Alon. Seraphic creature! Oh! how much that person is an enemy to true happiness who despises wedded love! That is an Eden where every earthly blessing blossoms, and ripens into perfection.

Cora,

A TRAGEDY:

27

Cora. Tell me lov'd Alonzo, are thou perfectly happy?

Alon. Possess'd of such excellence, how can I be less?

Cora. Why then these restless nights? Why these startings in your sleep? Why do I so often hear thy bosom heave with sighs?

Alon. Am I not obliged to fight against my brethren?

Cora. Are not all men brethren? Those you fight against wish our destruction—unjustly with it, and therefore break the bonds of love and amity.

Alon. But should the Spaniards prove victorious, what then am I to expect, who am by them considered a traitor?

Cora. To perish in a just cause, I am sure, is not the fear of Alonzo. But we will fly——

Alon. With an infant in thy arms, Cora?

Cora. That can never retard my progress.—Oh, no; warm'd by the fears and the feelings of a parent, I shall acquire Herculean strength, and my endangered child become light as gossamer.

Alon. Thou mirror of constancy and truth!

Cora. Hark! that sounds for battle! my Alonzo!

Alon. My Cora, we must part.

Cora. But not yet—not yet! Oh, God! save my country—protect its children—and send me back my Alonzo. See, Rolla, our friend, our more than brother, accoutered for battle. Oh the cruel, merciless wars.

Alon. They robb'd thee of Rolla.

Cora. And gave me Alonzo. (*Tenderly embracing Alonzo.*)

Alon. Still thou revertest to thy first affections.

Cora. Alonzo, do not make me miserable. Painful, unjust as the sacrifice would be—if it is thy desire, I never will see Rolla more.

Alon. No, no, my Cora; but when you speak of him in such terms, I cannot bear that any one should stand so high even in your estimation as I do; and if Rolla, was not the best of men, I should feel very uneasy at the preference you shew him.

E. 2

Cora.

Cora. This is the first time I ever knew Alonzo unjust.

Alon. Pray pardon me; I am a doating husband, and a Spaniard.

Cora. Would Rolla have felt? Would Rolla reasoned so, if he had been in thy place?

ROLLA enters.

Rol. Alonzo, prepare. Cora, you among the mountains.

Cora. Must that be? Cannot I go with you?

Rol. Impossible! Thy presence would breed confusion among our troops, and chill that glowing ardour that makes a hero of the man.

Alon. Rolla reasons justly; in the battle's tumult, I should see only Cora; fascinated by her presence, energy would give place to the endearments of love—Our country might be conquered, and we become slaves.

Cora. I submit.

Rol. Oh! lovely in every act, but most amiable in this!—The king approaches.

[*A Grand Procession. Warriors, Archers, Standard of the Sun, Priests and Virgins, Women and Children. Ataliba in a grand Car—He alights. They all prostrate themselves to the Sun.*

Rol. May the gods shower down their richest blessings on the father of his people.

Ata. To render his children happy is the highest gratification of a monarch's heart. How is the temper of our troops?

Rol. Each eager for action—They shout with joy, "God, and our king! Victory or death."

Atal. I know the hearts of my people; and their affection, next to the approbation of the gods, is my dearest treasure. Do the Spaniards still advance?

Rol. No, they are now inactive, but the pause is ominous, like the dead silence that precedes a tornado.

Atal.

A TRAGEDY.

29

Atal. Be cool, deliberate courage, then, our shelter from the storm.

Rol. They fight for sordid riches, we for our native land. They are led by an adventurer whom they fear—We obey a monarch whom we love, and are protected by a deity whom we adore. Peace, humanity, and justice follow our steps; which way soever they bend their course, uproar, ruin, and devastation mark their progress.

A Soldier enters.

Sol. The enemy.

Atal. How near?

Sol. From the Western Mountain I reconnoitred the Spanish camp—they fall forth.

Rol. Prepare for battle. Grieve not my friends—it is your safety that calls your husbands and your fathers hence. My sovereign—

Atal. My hero! Thou whose fortitude strengthens as danger encreases, and whose manly attentions best prove the warrior and the friend—Bless thee—may thy arm be victorious, mayest thou restore peace and tranquility to thy native land, so shall the people reverence thee, and the sovereign hail thee his preserver.

Cora. Alas! Alonzo!

Alon. We shall meet again.

Cora. Our Fernando—

Alon. To God's protection I recommend him, and thee.

Cora. Farewell, Alonzo—God be with thee, and with us.

Rol. Has not Cora one parting word for Rolla?

Cora. Oh, yes!

Rol. Ah! why did I ask it? Why wish to renew sensations so poignant?

Cora. This will be the second awful parting we have had.—Be Rolla ever—act as becomes Rolla, and bring me back my Alonzo!

Rol.

Rol. Cora!—I—I—these tears—for God's sake leave me.

Atal. Come, my children.

[*Exeunt with Cora in one hand; Fernando in the other. The Wives and Children follow, looking mournfully back on their Husbands and Fathers.*]

Rol. Alonzo, our posts are differently assigned.

Alon. Yet ere we part, one word—concerning Cora.

Rol. Cora! speak—but be brief. Zorano, see our soldiers mustered, and ready to march.

[*Exeunt Soldiers and Zorano.*]

Alon. It is impossible to tell the alternative of the next hour.

Rol. Death or victory:

Alon. Should I fall, and thou survive—then, Rolla, I appoint thee my heir—Be thou the husband of Cora—The father of Fernando. (*Rolla starts.*) I have thought, I have spoken lightly of your brotherly attentions, and in so doing I have wrung Cora's heart.

Rol. Ha!—insult my honour, and hurt Cora. (*Aside.*) By Heaven's! this tumult convinces me Rolla is not the man he should be.

Alon. I detested myself, while I so acted, and in token of my forgiveness, accede to my last request.

Rol. If it meets with Cora's consent—But away with these idle fantasies, they unman you.

Alon. I cannot account for the gloomy forebodings that oppress my mind—Promise—

Rol. I do:—and should I fall, let my remains be interred at the foot of the palm tree, under which we have passed many a happy evening. Be that still your favourite spot, where you and Cora will sit on the tomb of your sincere friend; where you will recount transactions long gone by, and close the scene with a sigh for Rolla.

ZORANO

A TRAGEDY.

31

ZORANO *enters.*

Zor. The troops in eager impatience, call for their commanders to lead them to action.

Rol. Away then.—You, Alonzo, shall guard the narrow pass through the mountain; Zorano shall charge the enemy on the right of the forest, while I lead the centre.

Alon. Rolla! you give me the post of least danger.

Rol. Thou art a father, and a husband; Zorano and I are prescribed mortals—Disappointed fellows; who have but one chance for happiness, that is in being wedded to an honourable grave,

END OF THE SECOND ACT,

ACT

A C T III .

SCENE I.

A Forest—Temporary Huts erected, &c.—ATALIBA, Women, and Children.

Atal. (Comes forward.) Just Powers! what crime have I committed, to deserve this heavy doom? Here I must remain inactive.—From yonder eminence I can see the sufferings—I can hear the expressive groans of my people, yet must not fly to succour them. Oh, much mistaken people! you think by placing me here, to secure me from danger—oh, no! the tumult of my anxiety in this tremendous hour, when your rights and happiness are at stake, may prove more destructive than the front of battle.

Wom. A messenger! a messenger!

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. All is lost. Save yourselves by flight.

Cora. Where is Alonzo?

Sol. I have not seen him.

Atal. Where is Rolla?

Sol. In the thickest of the fray—Fly—I am deeply wounded. *(Sinks down.)*

1st Wom. Oh, my husband!

Child. My father.

Atal. Give me your sword; you have no longer any use for it. Now! *(Going.)*

Cora. My father! what do you purpose?

Atal. To embitter the triumph of the haughty Spaniards, and bury myself beneath the ruins of my empire.

Enter

A TRAGEDY.

89

Enter another Soldier, bloody.

2d Sol. Here let me die.

Atal. How goes the battle?

2d Sol. In our favour. Rolla, the immaculate Rolla, fights with supernatural fury; finding my death's blow, I flew to greet my sovereign with these happy tidings, invoke his protection for my wife and child, and die at his feet. (*Sinks down.*)

Atal. Thy loyal attachment, and the tidings thou bringest, brave foldier, affords me a gleam of comfort in an hour of most poignant anguish.

2d Sol. My wife! my child!

Atal. I will be a father to them. Thouallest in the cause of truth, and God will reward thee.

2d Sol. Bless—bless—my—sovereign. (*Dies.*)

Atal. Hark! the joyful shouts proclaim our arms victorious.

Wom. They draw near.

Cora. Oh! what a moment for mothers and children. Oh! my poor Fernando! hast thou still a father?

Atal. This way, my children: see how proudly the brave men march—First comes Rolla—how like a God the hero looks!—Next Zorano.—Ah! no Alonzo?

Cora. See'st thou Alonzo?

An Entry of the Troops.

Rol. Hail, gracious sovereign! thy arms have conquered.

Wom. Long live the king, and Rolla.

Cora. Where is Alonzo? (*Rolla whispers to the Inca.*)

Atal. Oh! victory, dearly purchased. (*Talks apart to an officer, who bows and departs.*)

Cora. Oh, Inca! give me back my husband: Give this child his father.

Atal. Dearest daughter!

Cora. Let me not be kept in this agonizing suspense!—Am I a widow?—Is this child fatherless?

F

Oh!

Oh ! that silence—these hope-destroying looks. Rolla, thou wert wont to be the friend of truth ; if ever thou wert the friend of Cora, shew it now—Speak ! I conjure thee, speak !

Rol. Alonzo has not been found.

Cora. Not found !—Oh ! let me not hear the thunder rolling at a distance—let the bolt fall at once, and crush my disordered brain—say, not—he has not been found—say, he is dead.

Rol. Then should I say false.

Cora. Heaven be praised ! bless thee ! bless thee ! a thousand blessings on thee, for snatching me from the brink of despair.

Rol. Alonzo is taken prisoner.

Cora. Prisoner ! Pizarro's prisoner ! then am I most wretched.

Atal. I have dispatch'd a herald to the enemy's camp, with offers of a princely ransom.

Wom. A ransom ! a ransom !

Cora. Where are my—

1st Wom. Here, Cora, are our jewels.

2d Wom. Take them freely ; we offer them with a willing heart, well assured you would do the same for us.

Cora. Oh, my kind, my generous friends !

Atal. Almighty God, accept my heartfelt prayers, for making me a ruler over such subjects.

Rol. The herald returns, and Cora shall again be happy.

The Herald enters, and on bended knees gives ATALIBA a Letter.

Atal. Do thou, Rolla, read it—Do thou a second time to-day communicate joy to my people.

Rol. "Pizarro to the Inca of Peru." (*Aside.*) Imperial villain. Alonzo ! my friend ! the saviour of my country ! the beloved husband of my Cora, die by sunrise ! It must not—by Heaven's ! it shall not be.

[*Throws down the paper, and exit.*

Cora.

Cora. Merciful Powers!

Atal. Rolla! Rolla!

Zor. See, with desperation in his looks, and quick as an arrow from the bow, he presses through our ranks—now he mounts the hill—now quick as lightning he vanishes.

Cora. (*Snatches the letter, and reads it.*) Oh!
(*Faints, the Inca supports her.*)

Atal. My child! My Cora!

Zor. The letter! The letter!

Atal. Read it aloud.

Zor. "The only terms on which I will restore my prisoner are—You must annul Alonzo's marriage—give me the hand of Cora, and let me share with thee the throne of Quito."

Atal. Hard-hearted, unprincipled wretch.

Zor. "These rejected, the traitor dies by to-morrow's sun-rise. Orozembo and his followers have already met the fate their obstinacy deserved, death."

Atal. Sooner will I see him perish—sooner will I be my dear Cora's executioner, than give power to such a tyrant.—Cora! She revives.

Cora. Where is my beloved!—Ah!—Oh, king!—father!—must my Alonzo die?

Atal. Would Cora have him live on such terms?

Cora. He is my husband, the father of my Fernando: lift up thy little hands, my child; happily thy innocence may plead more eloquently than thy mother's agony.

Atal. That husband must not be dishonoured—that child must not see his mother become a prostitute—nor must I tamper with my people's rights.

All. Long live the Inca! Freedom or death.

Atal. Instantly summon a council of my best-informed, that we may proceed as best befits the sovereign, whose study is his subjects welfare.

Zor. But of Rolla.

Atal. I augur much from his precipitance—He flies to do something noble, something worthy of his heroic

heroic soul, and greatly productive of Cora's happiness.

Cora. Thinkest thou so, my father?

Atal. Be of good cheer; trust in Providence with pure confidence; then if you fall, you fall but to rise more bright, in a world where there is neither sorrow nor clouds to obscure thy splendour. Now to ascertain the amount of the fallen; then to my noblest office, to comfort the fatherless, and the widows of those who have fallen in their country's defence.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PIZARRO'S Tent. PIZARRO asleep on a magnificent Couch. ELVIRA enters from behind.

Elv. So! the awful moment is at last come, when I may glut my revenge, and rid the world of a monster. He sleeps, and little dreams of what is passing; so I lay in the pure sleep of unsuspecting innocence, when first he wound his wily spells around me! In these arms how often, and with what ecstasy, have I reclined!—No, no, never. It was not the repose of refined endearment, but the frenzy of passion.—In these arms I lost—Oh, God!—But a little time, and I would have given the world for thy smiles; now they are as hateful as—(*Going to stab him.*) I cannot strike! Oh, God!—Oh, what a hell of agony does that woman suffer, who doats upon the wretch, whose every action she abhors! (*Retires.*)

Piz. Guards! Guards!

Guards enter.

Seize the traitor! Which way went he?

Guard. Who, General?

Piz. Davila.

Guard. He has not been.

Piz. Not been here, traitor. (*Drawing his sword.*)

Guard

Guard. Strike, general, if you suspect my word;—neither he, nor any other has been here.

Piz. Leave me. (*Exit Guard.* Then it was a dream; but such a dream—I thought he stood before me with a dagger pointed at my heart. He must be cut off; while he breathes, I am not secure.—Secure! when shall I? Was I ever secure?—Mine has been a life of outrage, plunder, and massacre! I have sworn enmity to the whole human race; and I will keep my oath. But no more equals, no more confidential friends. Such are very well for the man who proceeds on the plain tract of honesty—his associates are united to him by principles of integrity, and the cause they are embarked in will protect them from every danger; but the council-chamber of the freebooter is a furnace, wherein are cast fetters for his own enthrallment.

ELVIRA re-enters.

Elv. Ah, awake! then have I lost a golden opportunity.

Piz. Ah! who dares intrude? What want you?

Elv. To congratulate you on your sanguinary success. Alonzo, the flower of the Spanish camp, and former dread of Pizarro, is now your prisoner.

Piz. But not subdued.

Elv. No!

Piz. His mind is free as mountain air. His tranquil mien, and bold contempt of suffering, is more terrible to me than when I met him in the field of battle. Neither the damp dungeon, chains, nor threats, can shake his affection for these hateful Peruvians.

Elv. Then is he greater than thou art; and if thou had'st been advised by me, then had Pizarro been greater than Alonzo; had'st thou made glory, and not rapine thy aim; had'st thou been the foe of persecution, and not the scourge of the innocent and the defenceless, then had'st thou made thy life enviable, and thy teats the theme of after ages.

Piz.

Piz. No more—or—

Elv. Pizarro! there still remains a feeling of affection for you here—and where thy glory is concerned, you shall find me undaunted as Alonzo.

Piz. They have offered a princely ransom for the boy.

Elv. And the return you sent was worthy of Pizarro.

Piz. Ha! how gained you such information?

Elv. Oh! love is lynx-eyed—ever watchful—ever jealous of the honour of the beloved; and where affection is the stimulus, it can soar as the eagle, or mine as the mole.

Piz. What wouldest thou have me do?

Elv. What honour and what duty demand—accept the offered ransom—offer terms of peace, and by after actions wipe away the odium that mildews thy character, before it reaches the last stage of pestilence; then will Pizarro act like a hero, and none but a hero can Elvira ever love.

Piz. None but a woman, and that woman, none but Elvira, dare to preach thus.

Elv. What has your conduct ever gain'd you?

Piz. Power, pre-eminence, wealth, homage.

Elv. Power! that rests on sand—Pre-eminence! Yes, you stand like a craggy mountain, whose tremendous height breeds terror to all below—Your wealth is drawn from the life strings of your fellow-creatures.—Homage! yes, from those who fear you. You have a prisoner whom you must envy, an associate you dread, and a mistress who wishes thy death, but who has not the courage to give the blow.

Piz. By Heaven's! this is beyond bearing. (*Drawing.*)

Elv. Strike! thou wilt do me a singular service; for on the sincerity of my soul, I assure thee, life has no charm for me, now I find him for whom I wished to live a villain.—Strike! it is most probable thou wilt save me from becoming as infamous as thou art. Strike! so, half-an-hour since I stood over thee; but

I saw

I saw the palpitation of that heart I had so often reposed on, and the champion of virtue became the idolizer of vice!

Piz. Generous, affectionate Elvira! there is but one thing wanting to prove thyself the lovely creature my imagination paints—Do it, and I am thine for ever.

Elv. What is it, Pizarro?

Piz. Entangle this Alonzo—this enthusiast in his own web.—You have conquered me, you were born to conquer all—to make and unmake heroes at pleasure. He certainly cannot be proof against eloquence, from the lips of one in the full bloom of youth and beauty.

Elv. Ah! is it possible?

Piz. Adored Elvira, consent; you shall have free admittance at all times—bring him to shew me homage, and then——

Elv. (*Aside.*) It shall be so—this man must die, and Alonzo shall strike the blow.—I know it is a black undertaking, to alienate a man from honour, tear asunder the bonds that unite two amiable objects, and—but Pizarro wishes it, and Elvira must make the attempt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

ALONZO's Prison.----ALONZO discovered.

Alon. Oh, lov'd Cora! what are now thy sufferings? I fear not to die, but nature, nature will prevail. The man, whether Christian or Pagan, will struggle hard for life, when the rosy bands of wedded love bind him to society; these are powerful incentives, enforced by the eloquent voice of irresistible nature.

ELVIRA enters.

Elv. Alonzo!

Alon. This visit to me, and at such an hour.

Elv. The hour that is employed to relieve the oppressed

pressed is never unseasonable. Softly, I come to offer you the means of liberty. Take off these disgraceful chains. (*To an attendant, who unchains Alonzo, then exit.*) Mistake not my motives, they are pure as is thy Cora's heart.

Alon. Generous, noble-minded Elvira! oh, how came such excellence here?

Elv. By stratagem, fraud----and----but let me not waste the time in womanish bemoaning which may be employed in noble action.----Take this dagger, and follow me in silence.

Alon. Where?

Elv. I will conduct you to Pizarro's tent, where you shall plunge it in his inhuman heart.

Alon. (*Aside.*) Ah! I become a murderer!

Elv. Then whilst terror expands its raven wings over the whole army, in the moment of general disorder, when the cry of murder resounds from tent to tent, and the camp presents one scene of uproar and confusion, we will avail ourselves of the opportunity, and fly to the Peruvians, where thy wife shall bedew my cheek with tears of joy—where I will new model my life after the perfection of Cora. Come, Alonzo.

Alon. I dare not—I would spare even the common enemy of mankind if I found him asleep.

Elv. Generosity ought only to be extended to the generous; a villain should be dealt with as he deals with others.

Alon. To strike the defenceless is a coward's blow.

Elv. And to be merciful to the infamous, a villainous act. Quick, Alonzo.

Alon. There was a time when Pizarro loved me, when he shared with me every honourable peril in the field, every luxury at his table;—a thousand times have I slept tranquilly by his side—these are tender recollections.

Elv. Has he not trampled on every right—torn asunder every bond that should unite man to man?

Alon. Granted; but the creature that Heaven permits to live, I fear to slay.

Elv.

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Elv. Rash enthusiast! reflect before it is too late. Remember, Alonzo, this opportunity, once lost, returns no more—I leave you—I shall soon return to know thy final determination—At sun-rise you are to die; then will Cora be a widow, and thy child an orphan.

[*Exit.*]

Alon. Oh, God of Heaven! to thy protecting care I resign my wife and child. (*Retires.*)

SCENE IV.

An Entrance to ALONZO'S Prison.—ROLLA and Sentinel.—ROLLA as a Friar.

Sen. It is in vain—my orders are most strict.

Rol. Behold these gems! this brilliant sun! Admit me for a few moments, and they are thine.

Sen. No, no, no, not for a thousand times their value. But for this daring attempt to seduce me from my duty, you shall— (*Going to give an alarm.*)

Rol. Stay! art thou a husband?

Sen. And a father too. I have two as fine children as any in Spain.

Rol. Are they dear to thee?

Sen. Dear to me! Is that a question to a parent?

Rol. Soldier! Alonzo has like thee a wife and child; and I, at the hazard of my life, am come to carry his last farewell and blessings to them. (*Soldier much moved.*)

Sen. Well—go—stay—I must witness all that passes between you and the prisoner.

Rol. (*Aside.*) Then all is lost.

Sen. Here comes Elvira: she has power to grant whatever she pleases.

Rol. Ha! a young lovely woman! Whence comes she?

Sen. From Alonzo's cell. I will appeal for you. She is not such a woman as you might expect to find in Pizarro's camp.

G

Elv.

Elv. How's this ! What bold intruder ?

Sen. A benevolent friar come to visit Alonzo, and bear back his last blessing to his family.

Elv. (Aside.) Ah ! this haply may aid my purpose, by giving the obdurate Alonzo a desire for liberty. You may enter, reverend father ; such as you must be most welcome to the prisoner. You can, and, I doubt not, will enforce the duties of a husband and a parent, with that pious solemnity which characterize a preacher and a practiser of truth. (*Rolla bows and enters.*) When he returns, let him pass in silence, but, on peril of your life, guard Alonzo. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

ALONZO'S Prison.

Rol. Not here ! Alonzo !

Alon. Ha ! that voice !

Rol. It is Rolla's.

Alon. Rolla ! disguised, and——

Rol. Wrap yourself in this, and fly——

Alon. And Rolla ?——

Rol. Remains to answer for thee.

Alon. And suffer in my stead !

Rol. Fear not that ; Alonzo, and not Rolla, is the object of Pizarro's deadly hate.

Alon. Ah ! little dost thou know the fell rancour of the tyrant's foul. You snatch from his fangs his devoted prey, then will he rage with redoubled fury, and sacrifice you to his revenge.

Rol. What will be the loss ? I am a solitary being in the world—a blighted plantain standing alone. Nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter. Let the trunk be cut down, no one will miss it. It will be well if an honest couple can warm themselves by the fire it feeds. Thou art a husband and a father ; on thy life depends the happiness or misery of an amiable wife and child.

Alon. Oh, my wretched Cora !

Rol.

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Rol. Imagine her regardless of thy suffering, Fernando; deaf to the entreaties of her father, madly traversing the woods and sandy deserts, calling, with shrieks that rend the air, for death or Alonzo.

Alon. You drive me distracted.

Rol. Be advised, dear Alonzo!—Fly: restore Cora to reason and to happiness—so, that will do—God be thy guide.

Alon. Oh! my incomparable friend!—my preserver!—I cannot find words to thank you.

Rol. Leave that to Heaven—Away! Thus muffled you will be sure to pass uninterrupted.

Alon. In a few hours I will return, aided by a chosen band, and either save, or perish with you. [*Exit.*]

Rol. He will soon embrace his wife and child. Oh! how richly I am repaid in the reflection, that the first and only idol of my full affections will again be happy. Now to explore the dungeon where the husband of Cora lately lay. Already the first blush of morning reddens in the east; it announces my approaching death—but we will meet hereafter—Yes, Alonzo, yes, adored Cora! we shall meet—there. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

G 2

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

The Prison.—ELVIRA and ROLLA:

Elv. ALONZO!—Ha!—Where is Alonzo?

Rol. Fled.

Elv. Ha! (*Going.*)

Rol. And must not be pursued. (*Holding her.*)
Pardon this roughness, fair——

Elv. Dare not to touch me.

Rol. By Heavens, you stir not!

Elv. Insolent! Release me, or I—(*Presenting a dagger.*)

Rol. Strike! But even in falling—even in the agonies of death, my convulsed hand will hold thee fast.

Elv. Release me, and I promise neither to alarm the guard, or cause pursuit.

Rol. I never yet found woman faithless, and I freely confide in thee.

Elv. Who art thou?

Rol. The friend of Alonzo—Rolla, the Peruvian.

Elv. Rolla! the magnanimous! the terror of Spain, and glory of Peru! and thou venturest thus for Alonzo?

Rol. For him I risked my life—for him I am ready to suffer. (*Half aside.*) By this time I hope he has embraced his Cora.

Elv. If thus thou hast so boldly ventured for a friend, what would'st thou attempt to save thy country?

Rol. Whatever mortal dare, and honour will justify.

Elv.

Elv. Take this dagger—I will conduct thee to the tent where fell Pizarro sleeps.

Rol. Make Rollo an assassin!

Elv. Mark me, Rolla, I am a woman of no common mould,—In this I am not actuated by any petty, self-interested motives—It is the cause of human nature—a call of sacred justice; and this arm, though it revolt my soul, shall strike the blow. (*Going.*)

Rol. Stay! give me the dagger—on— [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PIZARRO on a couch asleep.

Piz. Blood! Blood!—Down with the traitor.—Stand aside that I may gloat on his writhings. Ha! ha! ha! that was the last throe! Now off with his head, and high on a spear exalt it, that from the Peruvian shore his wife and child may hail their champion!

Enter ELVIRA conducting ROLLO.

Elv. There, quick—a moment's delay, and I, thou, and Peru are lost.

Rol. Leave me.

Elv. Leave you!

Rol. In thy presence I cannot spill his blood. (*Aside.*) No, nor in any other—forbid it Heaven! Leave me.

Elv. I obey—but remember, Rolla.

Rol. Away. (*Exit Elvira.*) I will wake and apprise him of his danger. He cannot but be grateful for my friendship. But be it as it may, I shall at least have the glorious satisfaction of saving a woman from imbruing her hand in a fellow-creature's blood. How tranquilly he sleeps!

Piz. Leave! Leave me! wreck not my soul by thy mangled shades.—Oh!—Oh!

Rol. No, I was in error—He sleeps but to dream of hereafter agony. Oh! contemplate this scene, ye infuriate

infuriate villains of the earth, and may the light sink deep into your minds. Such are the slumbers of the guilty. Now have I in my power the dispoiler of my country, and by one blow I might---- Ah!----yon luminary! the God of Truth is suddenly obscured,---- This is not a deed for Rolla. Pizarro! Pizarro!

Piz. Who calls----Oh! what want you?

Rol. Not to take thy life, but save it. This dagger was put into my hand, and I was conveyed into this tent for the sole purpose of murdering thee.

Piz. Who art thou?

Rol. Rolla.

Piz. Ha! the Peruvian general?

Rol. I was so yesterday----Now thy prisoner.

Piz. My prisoner!----How?

Rol. I came disguised to release my friend Alonzo; my plan succeeded: he is free, and I remain to answer for him.

Piz. Amazement! And save my life! Noble Rolla!

Rol. Not so. It is not that I wished thee to live, but that I saw thou wert unfit to die.

ELVIRA enters.

Elv. Is it done? Is the traitor dead?—Ah, then I am lost.

Rol. Rolla is no assassin.

Piz. And who then?

Elv. I----'Twas I planned----I that prevailed on that woman-fouled hero to kill thee. 'Twas not jealousy----'twas not vengeance that prompted me----'twas the cause, the glorious cause of outraged humanity, that unsheathed my dagger----'twas against the ravisher of crowns, the oppressor of innocence and honour, I pointed it.——

Piz. Guards, seize that fiend--put her into the deepest dungeon, and on peril of your lives see that none but such as have my mandate are admitted to the traitorefs.

Elv. Thou murderer of nations----sin on----sin on,
till

till the measure of thy guilt is full---We part now---but we shall meet again.—Oh, Pizarro! think on that awful meeting. The subtrefuges of the libertine, nor the daring of the bravo, will not then save you.

Piz. Tear her hence—tortures—and——

Elv. The tortures you have in store for me I despise. The noble impulse which inspired me, exalts me above your malice. That I have not lived virtuously, was Pizarro's act—That I shall die nobly, shall be my own. Rolla, thou hast deceived me; but I forgive thee, though thy ill-timed humanity is more criminal than would have been my murder. (*Exeunt.*)

Rol. Oh, Pizarro! spare her—she has a great mind—she is the foe of tyranny, an advocate for virtue, and a woman. Oh, spare her.

Piz. Rolla, thou hast saved my life; ask what boon thou wilt, it shall be granted; but tremble to plead for Elvira.

Rol. Peace to my native country.

Piz. That is beyond my power of gift. But thou art at liberty. Farewell! and should the chance of battle bring us together—

Rol. Oh, for such a moment! Now I know you, I shall not exhaust my strength in cutting down saplings, but come with full vigour to fell the monster of the forest.

Piz. I shall not shrink from you.

Rol. No—that were to murder the ardour of my soul. Peruvians never assail a trembler, unless that foe is a villain, and such are ever aspen-like.

Piz. I would we might be friends.

Rol. Act as becomes the hero—Pardon Elvira—be thy own friend, and thou art mine. [*Exit.*]

Piz. My own friend! Am I not so? Self-raised and self-supported, I was not born to be the slave of custom, nor the puppet of party. I am not the world's, but its creatures are the victims on which I will prey; and though posterity may condemn and war against me while living, and after ages revile my memory with every opprobrious epithet, I will be Pizarro, and with sportive

sportive intrepidity mow down the weeds that rise to
poison my earthly paradise. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Forest.—The Temple of the Sun is seen in the back ground.—A Tornado.—Trees are seen to be rooted up, and the Temple is entirely destroyed.—In the height of the storm, CORA enters with her child.

Cora. Where am I? Whither has my frenzy driven me? The forked lightnings glare through the forest's gloom, but I can discern no path.—Oh, no! my Alonzo is gone! Oh, my lovely innocent! but for thy sake, how cheerfully I could lie down and die! The dear creature sleeps, and smiles amidst the horrors of the storm—there, this moss will be an easier bed than thy mother's shivering frame. (*She covers the child.*) But I will not leave you, my child—No, oh, no! thou wilt wake, my boy.—Thy father never—Oh, war! war! oh, surely the first inventors of that cruel, infamous trade, were monsters, whose delight was oppression, plunder, and massacre. Oh, God! (*On her knees.*) hear my prayers! let me not despair. Oh, give me fortitude to support this life, but till my child, my dear Fernando, has gained strength of mind and body to struggle for himself.—Oh, omnipotent God! thou whose thunderbolt can shiver into dust the adamantine rock; whose sun can dissolve even mountains of ice, oh! in thy divine mercy to us, grant that war and bloodshed may cease, and mankind live in unanimity like children of truth. (*Rises.*) See! (*The sun is seen.*) from behind yonder cloud the God of Peru shoots forth his benignant refulgence! my prayers are accepted! (*Alonzo's voice at a great distance.*) What sound is that?

Alon. Cora!

Cora. Ah, mercy!

Alon. Cora! Cora!

Cora.

Cora. 'Tis Alonzo's voice.

Alon. Cora! my beloved!

Cora. Here! here! (*Runs out.*)

Two Soldiers enter.

1st Sol. "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."
So says the proverb—so say I.

2d Sol. There's another proverb—that is—"Don't
whistle till you are out of the wood."

1st Sol. Tush! we're safe, thanks to the hurricane;
while these idolators, frightened by a little thunder
and lightening, flew to their favourite temple, the
prison doors were left unbarred, so we escaped.

2d Sol. They wanted to be in the sunshine.

1st Sol. They will want no more—they have got
their load, more than they will ever stand upright un-
der—unless, indeed, each man is an Atlas!—Come on.

2d Sol. I am sure we are wrong.

1st Sol. How the devil can that be, when we have
just escaped from the enemy?

2d Sol. This wood——

1st Sol. O, I remember it well—here we pursued
the enemy in our last skirmish—In this very spot I
had a hard scuffle with one of them—at last I made a
passage for daylight through the heathenish dog, and
then he cried *Peccavi*. That way lays our camp.

2d Sol. Ah! (*Lifting up the veil.*) Here is a child.

1st Sol. It is no common brat.

2d Sol. See this picture set with diamonds.

1st Sol. Ah, ha! this is a treasure, comrade. Let
us carry it to our general. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CORA, conducting ALONZO.

Cora. This way. This way, lord of my affections.
(*Pointing to the veil which she laid over the child.*)
There—do not wake him, till you have told me by
what miracle I embrace Alonzo?

H

Alon.

Alon. It was Rolla—Rolla liberated me.

Cora. Rolla! How?

Alon. By stratagem—at the risk of his life.

Cora. Blessings! Eternal blessings on Rolla! I hope my Alonzo has no longer any doubts of the purity of Rolla's affection for Cora? (*Hanging on him.*)

Alon. Oh, no; I never had any—and if I had been so unjust, his disinterested conduct would have convinced me of my error; for I had the morning before (urged by a strong foreboding that I should not survive the battle, bequeathed to him thee and Fernando.

Cora. And did you think Cora could survive the loss of Alonzo, and so survive it as to be happy, even with Rolla?

Alon. Pardon me—It was not Alonzo, not the man that then reasoned, but Cora's lover—the father of Cora's child, and the friend of Rolla. I had done him an injury by my vile suspicion, and I persuaded myself such a legacy would richly atone for the insult.

Cora. Noble-minded Alonzo!

Alon. He is now in prison.

Cora. Rolla in prison!

Alon. I must hasten to release him.

Cora. What, leave me again! Never—or if you go, I go with you.

Alon. Would Cora have Alonzo falsify his pledged honour?

Cora. No—Oh no!—but——

Alon. The troops are assembled. I only wait to see thee and my child in safety.

Cora. Ah! your child shall—(*Goes to take the child, lifts the veil, and finds him gone.*) Eternal Powers! my child! my child!

Alon. Cora! my angel!

Cora. He is gone! he is gone!

Alon. Where did you leave him?

Alon. Here! (*Dashing herself on the ground.*)

Alon. My dearest life! be pacified. (*Aside.*) Gone! this is not a time to give way to wailing. (*Assuming courage.*)

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courage.) During your absence he awoke, and crept away.

Cora. Oh! (*Rising and looking about*) Fernando! Fernando!—Fer—Fer—Oh!—

Alon. This way, this way. (*Aside.*) Heavens, how she trembles! I think I hear him!

Cora. Where? (*Both attentive.*) Oh! no! no! no!

Alon. Let us in search of him.

Cora. To earth's remotest verge! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The Outpost of the Spanish Camp.—ROLLA brought in guarded.

1st Sol. Come along, thou idolator!

Rol. Pizarro has himself set me at liberty.

2d Sol. That is false; no heathen ever yet escaped from him with life, much less with liberty.

1st Sol. Here comes the general.

PIZARRO and his Train enter!

Piz. Ah! Rolla!—and bound!

Rol. To thy surprize, no doubt.

Piz. Which of you have dared thus to treat the preserver of my life!

1st Sol. We found him reconnoitering our posts, suspected him for a spy, so seized him. He confessed himself to be the Peruvian general—and by General Davila's order we chain'd and brought him for thy examination.

Piz. General Davila! Unbind him—You hear, Rolla, I have no share in this insult. Believe me, I blush for the usage you have received; nor can I brook to see a hero like Rolla unarmed. (*Gives him a sword.*)

He

(sword.) From this learn Pizarro knows how to respect generosity, even in an enemy.

Rol. And Rolla how to forget offence.

Piz. See he passes our posts in safety, and, as you fear me, treat him with respect.

Enter two Soldiers with the Child.

1st Sol. Valiant Pizarro! in our escape from the Peruvian prison, we have captured a child, who seems——

Piz. Thou art welcome—We want no children—tofs it into the sea.

Rol. Gracious Heaven! it is Alonzo's child.

Piz. Ah! Alonzo's child! the very image of my heart's idol, the divine Cora.

Rol. Give it me.

Piz. Give it thee! Sooner shalt thou have my heart's blood. Welcome, a thousand welcomes, thou pretty hostage—now am I again triumphant. This little infant, exalted on a spear, will force the pigeon-hearted Peruvians to a speedy surrender.

Rol. Man! man! See how the lovely cherub smiles,—It knows, and held out its little hands.

Piz. Yes! I suppose it has reason to know you. Ha! ha! ha!

Rol. *(Aside.)* Damnation! Could'st thou find in thy heart to hurt such innocence?

Piz. Ask no questions, but instantly depart.

Rol. See, Pizarro! Methinks these looks of infantine confidence should disarm even the god of evil. *(Pizarro signs for him to go.)* Is it wealth thou would'st have? an hundred times the child's weight shall be given for its ransom.

Piz. Before to-morrow's noon, our swords shall cut our way to all thy treasures.

Rol. Send the child back to its parents, and I in its stead will remain thy prisoner.

Piz.

Piz. The child remains with me.

Rol. Behold me at thy feet—Me! Rolla, the preserver of thy life—Me! who never knelt to man. Thus prostrate, I implore thee—Save that child, and I will be thy slave.

Piz. Instantly depart, or it perishes before thy face.

Rol. (*Starting up.*) Nay then—this sword was not thy gift, but Heaven's. (*Drawing his sword and rushing on Pizarro.*—*He snatches the child, but is overcome by Gonzalvo, who stands holding his sword at Rolla's breast.*)

Piz. Rolla! Rolla! make me not thy enemy.

Gon. Rash man! resistance is certain death—Depart, (*Apart.*) and if there is a possibility, the child shall be conveyed to thee. If not, I pledge the honour of a soldier it shall not come to harm.

Rol. (*Apart.*) There is an undescribable something here persuades me I may trust thee. Pizarro, I submit.

Piz. You are at liberty. Order a guard to see him in safety.

Gon. Juan, be that thy care (*Apart*); and make our usual rendezvous in your way—there wait my approach. [*Exit Juan.*]

Piz. Now to prepare for our next attack.

Gon. Intrepid Pizarro, if I might advise—

Piz. Surely—Speak!

Gon. Our second in command, the brave Davila, is absent. Our troops are much fatigued, scarcely fit for action. One day's rest could do our cause no hurt, but fortify our men, and enable us to make an easy conquest.

Piz. Thou counselest well. To-morrow's sunrise be the hour for battle. My friends and loving brethren, good night. [*Exeunt all but Piz. and Gon.*]
Now Gonzalvo, conduct me to Orozembo's dungeon. (*Gonzalvo starts.*) Tortures have hitherto made no impression on him. I think the sight of this infant, with a dagger at its breast, will humble the heathen.

Gon. He is already humbled.

Piz.

Piz. How! Is his stubborn spirit subdued? Has he promised allegiance to me?

Gon. He died this morning——

Piz. Then am I robbed of half my revenge; he should have existed till famine had made a skeleton of him, and even then he should have perished like a brute.

Gon. He did! He did!

Piz. Ah! How?

Gon. I visited him, as was my hourly custom, to see thy myrmidons put him to the torture. He bore them; as he has always done, without a murmur, or change of countenance. No sooner had they withdrawn, than he began to revile thee in the most opprobrious terms: his poisonous words stung me to the very soul, and in the paroxysm of my affection for my commander, I snatched my stiletto, and buried it in the viper's heart. Noble general, if I have done amiss, here inflict my punishment. (*Bares his breast.*)

Piz. No, thou hast acted bravely—like the friend of Pizarro. I thank thee, and to thy keeping I commit this captive. I have not yet determined what shall be its doom.

Gon. A torturing, lingering life of slavery. It should dearly pay for the perfidy of its father. (*Seems to eye the child malignantly.*)

Piz. Thou seem'st, indeed, to bear Alonzo and the Peruvians a most inveterate hate.

Gon. I do. Am I not a Spaniard, Alonzo a traitor, and these hellish Peruvians my bitter enemies? Oh, that their fates were in my power!

Piz. I wish all my men had hearts like thine.

Gon. Then should the world have but one sovereign, and that should be Pizarro.

Piz. (*Afide.*) I think it were an easy matter to persuade this fellow to murder Davila. How does the test of my prisoners?

Gon. Humbled by my scourges, they give promising signs of soon becoming thy vassals.

Piz. And Elvira?——

Gon.

A TRAGEDY.

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Gon. Is fully convinced of the heinousness of her crime, and the justness of her sentence; but humbly begs to see you once more before her sufferings have terminated her existence.

Piz. Oh, yes—she shall see me, and tremble at the sight. Take that imp from my sight; place it where thou wilt; then attend me—I would employ thee on important service. (*Aside.*) I will sound him—Davila must be cut off.

[*Exeunt,*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I.

A dreary Dungeon.—The Prison of OROZEMBO.

Oro. **W**ILL my sufferings never end? Oh, yes, there is a Power who sees, and will hereafter reward every one. To that Power, in fervent adoration, and contrite penitence I thus lowly bend. O God, Omnipotent! hear me! If it be thy divine will that I suffer, heap those sufferings tenfold on me; but spare—oh! restore to peace my unhappy countrymen. Bless the king, that good old man! and when thou takest him to thyself—oh! may his country never feel the loss. These chains are burdensome—they sorely gall my old frame—but thank Heaven they are not the shackles of guilt—Ah! some one approaches. The light faintly gleams through the crevices of this dungeon—It is Gonzalvo.

GONZALVO enters leading the child.

Gon. Good old man, be comforted, I come to give thee, speak low, Liberty, (*Taking off his chains.*)

Oro. On what terms?

Gon. That thou wilt not think ill of all my countrymen, for the infamy of Pizarro.

Oro. (Aside.) It is the grand-child of my sovereign.

Gon. Take this, it will give you strength to go with me.

Oro. Where are my brave followers? Have they?—I tremble to know—have they fallen victims to the monster's rapacity?

Gon.

A TRAGEDY.

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Gon. I have hitherto prevented Pizarro from putting them to death, and I hope to save them. (*Orozembo kisses his hand.*) Come, delay may ruin us; we shall soon arrive at the Peruvian camp, and then return, aided by powerful force, and oblige the tyrant to surrender.

Oro. Young man, thy benevolence—yet I do not think that I should call it by that sacred name—for to me there is something so degrading, so very despicable in the man who, recreant like, plots against his leader—it is so unlike a brave; or even a good man, that such a one, though he might save my life, and restore me to my native country, cannot have my esteem.

Gon. Valiant chieftain, withhold thy contempt till you know my motives, and then—Hark!—I am betrayed. This way. Quick! through this subterraneous passage, there you will meet Rolla.

Oro. Rolla! and in league with you! then am I sure thy motives are noble: for Rolla never yet countenanced or upheld dishonour. I sincerely ask your pardon, and obey. [*A noise within.*]

Gon. They approach! I will fasten this while they are breaking in, we will gain time. Come. (*Takes the child in his arms.*) God and the cause I serve be my protectors. [*Exeunt.*]

A noise.—The door forced open.—Enter PIZARRO, DAVILA, and several others.

Piz. Ah! gone! Are you sure Orozembo is not dead?

1st Sol. It is not half an hour since I saw him—he looked much amended.

Piz. Then the smooth-tongued hypocrite has deceived me.

Dav. No, it was your own vanity. You thought yourself so terrible that none durst plot against you.

Piz. Ah! this to my face?

Dav. You should not have trusted him; you should not have listened to his cursed cant.—By my eternal

I

soul

foul, if he had dared to palm such a fiction on me, I should have seen the damned falsehood trembling in his eye, and plunged my poniard in his recreant heart. By Heavens! Pizarro, I do suspect you of favouring the enemy—of tampering with the golden advantages my intrepidity has gained us. You shall answer—

Piz. This moment—Slave.

Dav. No, Sir, now we must be friends, but remember we have a dear account—and after the battle that account must be settled. Was Gonzalvo alone?

1st Sol. No, he brought a child with him.

Piz. Hell and fury!

1st Sol. I suspected there was some treachery going forward, but durst not accuse him; so I flew to inform you.

Piz. Let parties be dispatched in every direction—Favour and promotion shall reward those who bring them back, alive or dead. [*Exeunt several soldiers.*]

Dav. Here is a private entrance.

Piz. Ah! that must have been their route. Follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A romantic Place, covered with Plantain.—The Peruvian Banner placed on a Height at an immense Distance.—*JUAN and ROLLA.

Juan. This is the place—from behind that shrub he will come. There is a door that opens to a subterraneous passage, that communicates to the Prince Orozembo's prison.

Rol. Ah! does that venerable chief live?

Juan. Yes, at the dead hour of every night here he is brought by Gonzalvo—here I meet him—here the good old man receives air and nourishment, offers up a prayer for his countrymen, and returns to prison.—Here they come.

Enter

Enter GONZALVO, OROZEMBO and Child.

Oro. Rolla! [*Runs and embraces him.*

Rol. Welcome—most welcome!—My dear little cherub!—Oh, what rapture for Alonzo!—Sir, you have— [*Wanting words.*

Gon. Endeavoured to do my duty—We are not yet safe: let's on.

Rol. See, on yonder hill flies the Peruvian banner.—It is Alonzo coming to deliver his friend.

Gon. Let us fly to join them; delay not, I have reason to suppose we are closely pursued.

Oro. On, on—

[*Gon. and Juan each take an arm of Oro.*

Rol. Image of my beloved Cora, (*Takes the child.*) Death only shall part us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PIZARRO, DAVILA, and followers.

Piz. Ah! an open plain—then are they escaped.

Dav. On, on, I see them gliding between yonder saplings—Now, see, they mount the hill, on which waves that hateful banner.

[*They are seen.—Orozembo nearly exhausted.*

Piz. The old heathen stops to take breath—Now they move again.

Dav. Summon our troops, we must to instant battle.

All. To battle! Battle! [*Exeunt. Charge sounded.*

SCENE III.

The outskirts of the Peruvian Camp.—Enter ZORANO and Peruvians.

Zor. Now, my brave fellows, charge home—Ah! here comes the gallant Rolla.

Enter ROLLA, OROZEMBO, GONZALVO, JUAN, and Child.

Rol. Where is Alonzo?

Zor. There, desperately wounded!

I 2

ALONZO

ALONZO enters bloody, and leaning on his sword.

Alon. Follow them up, my brave fellows—I can no more. Rolla! [*He is supported by Rol. and Oro.*]

Rol. Oh, my friend! bear him hence with the child—His blood will chill the ardour of our men—fly to Cora; leave me to lead our troops to victory. Orozembo! thou art worn down—thy arm—

Oro. Can yet grasp a sword, and chastise the invaders of my country. (*Snatching a sword from a soldier.*) Let the parasites come on, they shall—Oh, no! nature is exhausted—I am no longer fit for battle—Oh, that I should ever live to this day! To see my brethren massacred; my country's rights trampled on, my sovereign in danger, and I not able to fight! But I will pray, and the prayers of the truly devout were never yet heard in vain. On, on, my friends, and you, our brave deliverers, and Heaven prosper you!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Field of Action.—The ranks broken.—Straggling Parties in the back ground, on the heights some engaged, others flying.—In the front, PIZARRO, DAVILA, and others.—Enter ROLLA.

Rol. Ha!

Piz. Well met.

[*They fight.*]

Enter ZORANO, he engages DAVILA.

Dav. Down with the heathens.

Zor. Come on.

[*They fight, Davila slain.*]

[*Zorano engages another; they exit fighting.*]

Rol. (*Having disarmed Pizarro.*) Now, Pizarro, yield; or thou shalt feel the might of Rolla's arm.

Piz.

A TRAGEDY.

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Piz. Yield! Never. (*Snatching Davila's sword.*)
Never to mortal man while life breathes in this body.
[*They fight, Pizarro slain.*]

SCENE V.

Adjoining the ruins of the Temple of the Sun.—Wives and Children mournfully awaiting the Event of the Battle.—Amidst the group, and higher than the rest, sits ATALIBA and CORA.

Atal. Oh, my children! murder me not by those looks. What can I do in this tremendous hour?

[*A distant report of cannon.*]

Cora. Oh, father! lead me from these horrid sounds—Bury me with my child.

Atal. Look out! How goes the battle?

Cora. Oh, my king! my father!

Atal. See, Alonzo!

Enter ALONZO, supporting the child in his arms;

Cora. Ah! bloody!

[*Orozembo throws himself on his knees at Ataliba's feet.*]

Alon. Cora, thy child!

Cora. Stained with blood.

Alon. It is mine!

Cora. Oh! mercy! thou art wounded! My Alonzo is murdered!

Atal. Give me the child. Cora, my daughter!

Alon. I feel I have but a few moments to live, yet one—one request.

Atal. Name it.

Cora. Oh, name it! (*Kisses him.*) Name it?

Alon. To pardon all my suspicions of thee, and the best, the bravest of men?

Cora. (*On her knees.*) Sincerely, freely do I.

Alon. And take Rolla for thy husband?

Cora,

Cora. (Rising.) Alonzo!

Alon. It will make my last moments happy.—Oh, king! intercede—My child will have a friend, my Cora an adorer:—take him—take him; consent, Cora, Rolla is worthy of thee----make him happy, and thou wilt merit Heaven.

Cora. Oh, my noble Alonzo!

*[Falls on him.----Shouts of victory are heard, the women and children fall on their knees.----
A Grand Entry.]*

Rol. Pizarro is slain: the Spaniards have laid down their arms----They approach to share our sovereign's clemency.

*[Spaniards brought in disarmed.----Then Elvira, Valverde, and the followess of Orozembo.----
All bend to Ataliba.]*

Rol. The tyrant's sword! *(Presenting the sword to Ataliba.)* Heaven fought the battle, not Rolla.---Oh! my friend!

[On his knees to Alonzo.]

Alon. Rolla, forgive me, I am dying.----Cora, it is Alonzo's last request. *(After a severe struggle she gives her hand cheerfully.)* Rolla, *(Takes his hand and joins them.)* And Heaven eternally blefs you. Where, where is Fernando?

[The King presents the child, Alonzo gazes on it, presses it to his breast, then gives it to Rolla; makes an effort to say something, but faintly articulates Oh! and expires. Cora kneels over him in speechless agony.]

Rol. See, my brave comrades, the flower of our army.

[The soldiers bend their heads in sorrow over Alonzo. Rolla beckons to Zorano---whispers him, then joins in mourning with the child and Cora, over Alonzo.]

Zor. These are the brave followers of Orozembo, found fettered in cells. This the injured Elvira, of whom your majesty has heard so much, and this---

Oro. My brave advocate. Henceforward, he shall be my bosom friend.

Atal. And mine----The worthy of any, and every country,

country shall ever be welcome here. (*Embracing him.*) You shall live among us, and largely share that honour and unanimity you were so desirous of protecting.

Elv. Oh, sovereign! indeed, sovereign---Oh! why was not Pizarro such a one? Then might Elvira have been---

Atal. No more of this, much-injured fair; and not less respectable, but much more esteemed, for having preserved your loveliness in the whirlpool of vice, whence you was decoyed by the artifice of a villain.

Elv. Oh, Sire! (*Kneels.*) this is indeed what a king ought to be---the image of his God.

Atal. Settle with us. We by love and kindness will make the remainder of thy days pass in innocence and mirth.

Val. May Valverde venture to remind Elvira of her pledged promise?

Elv. Not now, not now!

Val. When then, loved Elvira?

Elv. When I find I can give you my hand with honour to you, and pleasure to myself, Valverde shall not have a second time to importune me.

Val. Generous Elvira!

Atal. And now my friends, let us return thanks to the gods. (*Beholding Alonzo.*) This is a dearly purchased victory; but we must not murmur---The ways of the Almighty are dark and inscrutable, but ever just---To his dispensations, we bend with holy and contrite submission.

All with hands devoutly lifted up to Heaven.

THE END.

